[DEC. 1983]

FALLOUT, ABC-M5A2

TM3-6665-304-10

ASSEMBLY: LARS ERIK BERG, GREG ALBRIGHT AND SUZANNE ROSENTHAL. SFAI Dec/83.

CONTRIBUTERS: ERIC ELLERSON, KRISTIN SKAAMEDAL, TRISTESSA X. BEAN, CHRISTOPHER COPPOLA, ANNE HESSE, LOTTE DYHRBERG, LULU YEE, JULIE McMANUS, L.E.BERG(PHOTOS),MICHAEL WILL.

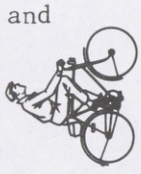
WELCOME!!!

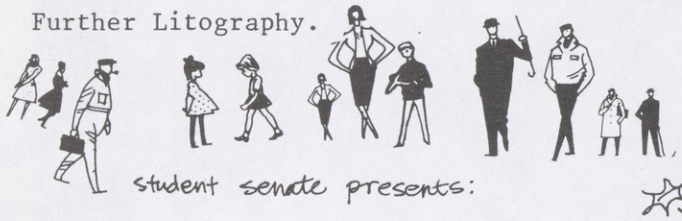
To these new visiting guest faculty members:

STEVEN T. WALROD, M.D. Humanities, Art and Psychoanalysis.

BARBARA ROGERS Painting, Undergraduate and Graduate Seminars.

KAREN McRITCHIE Printmaking,Beg.lith., Further Litography.





student senate presents:

Featuring: spiked egg nog, wine + surprises snacks, christmas cookies blues music, beer

bring ornaments to trim a real tree

see sammy t. in his santa suit!
Win a christmas tree!
dance with a reindeer!

(or whatever!)

FRIDAY DEC 16

4PM in the Diego Rivera

DON'T MISS IT!

A YULETIDE TALE

A million details floated through his conciousness and he tried to sort them out in an orderly semblance of magnitude. Jacob Stern was an orderly man, meticulous in his desire that everything in his immediate vicinity be organized, filed, placed in it's proper place. This fastidious capacity for neat and symmetrical surroundings applied even moreso to business conceptions and propositions had, no doubt , in his mind, contributed to his present position of prosperity and eminence. As Vice-president in in charge of loans for Atlantic Security Banks, his every decision was an important contribution to the corporation, and the most minute error could result in a financial loss, thus his penchant for fiscal conservatism. The possibility that his mode of linear thought might be restrictive in foreseeing new avenues of advancing thoughts and trends leading to possible profitable ventures never occured to him. To him avant-garde or the newly found conceptions of prodigious genious meant only one thing - high risk. High risk and stable profit were mutually exclusive in his mind, lending a certain quality of stagnation to his business dealings. Thus, his financially conservative nature which had led him to his present position, almost fifteen years ago, was also responsible for the present inertia which kept him from advancing any further. This did not bother him. In twelwe more years he could retire with a generous full pension and was already worth quite a lot due to careful investments in his own banks stock and other stable commodity ventures.

With the Yuletide festivities fast encroaching on his time, his mind overflowed with a murky miasma anent thoughts and things to be done. His wife, Althea, a vindictive, vituperative, matronly, overweight woman never sated with the finer accoutrements associated with an executive lifestyle, had asked for a new fur coat of a particularly exotic feline species, amongst other things, and the expected expenditure made him quail. but he would buy it, as pleasing his wife was the one area in which he denied himself his usual standards of frugality. He knew , also, that she would want to throw a big party, wasting more money on copious quantities of

cont. page 6

Lars B. 83

!!!!!!!! OUR CONCERN IS YOUR CONCERN !!!!!!!!

YOU'RE INVITED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE PUBLICATION OF A STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHY BOOK.

We're a group of photo students, who think it's about time that we get our work out there!!!!! - In the beginning of the semester, this committee decided to publish a book entitled, OUR CONCERN, which should reflect the socio-political and cultural awareness of each artist represented, as well as that of the book as a whole.

To date, we've raised a third of the funds needed. And with our recent mailing to public and private sources, we hope to raise enough money to go to press by April next semester.

Knowing that you're busy finishing up papers and projects due now, you might plan to submit 2 to 5 photographs a few weeks into next semester. Photographs of all media will be accepted. Signs will be posted. Selection will be based on applicability to the theme, and juried by people in the committee.

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET EXPOSED!!!!!!!!!!

JOIN US - DON'T MUTATE!!!!!

ANNE HESSE LOTTE DYHRBERG
Committee Co-ordinators

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET EXPOSED!!!!!!!!!!

JOIN US - DON'T MUTATE!!!!!

♩=60
mf—ff

The Trill:
a phase etude

Charles Rapple

1980

otes:

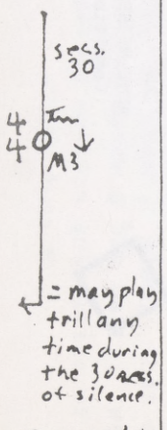
he composition for any amount sustaining ch instruments.

Each performe hooses a note hat he will se as a tonal enter through ut the comp- it ion.

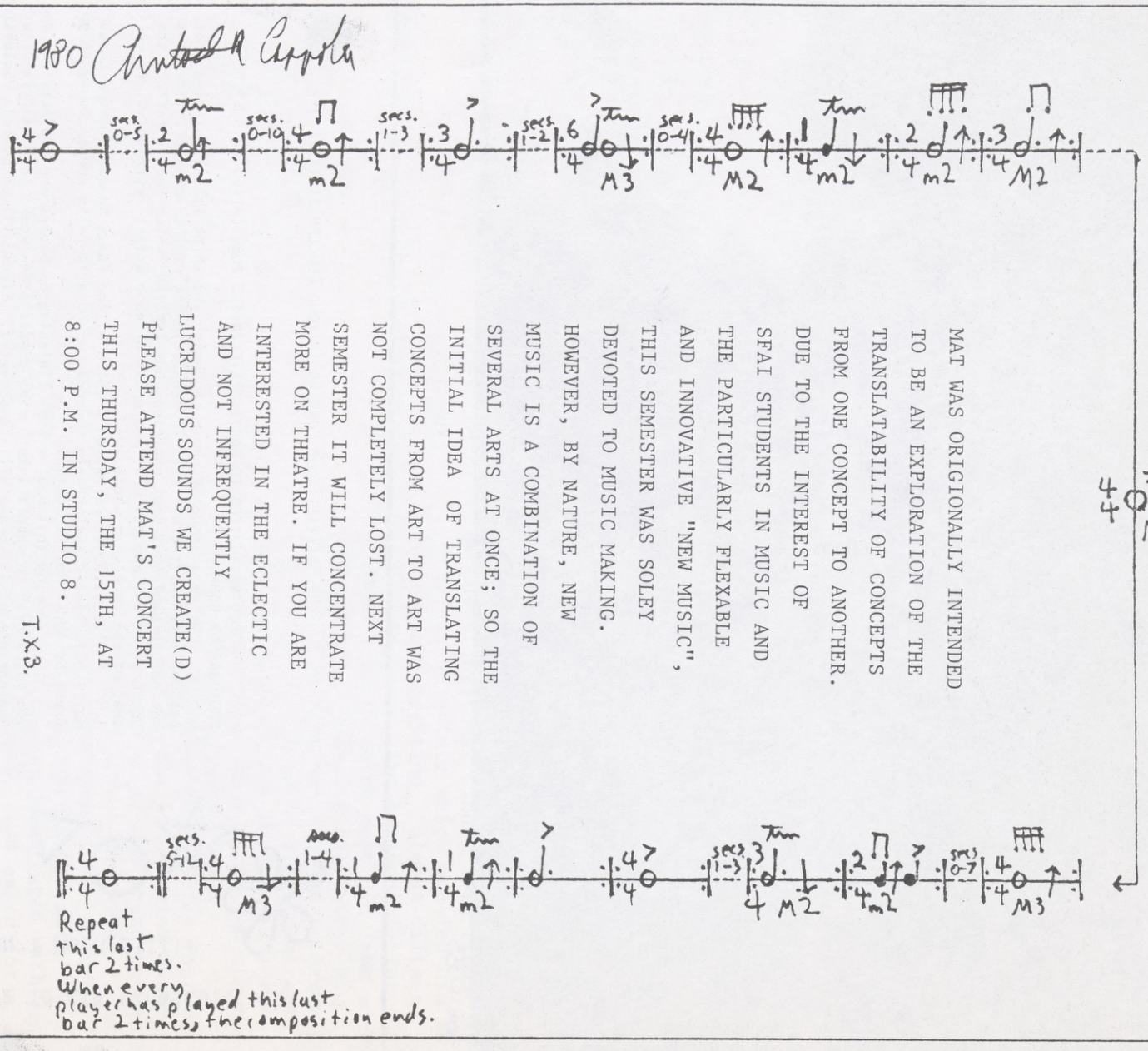
secs. 0-4 = silence

:|: = no silence

:|:---:|: = may repeat as many times as one wants, but it must feel right with the other performers sounds.



The conductor just gives down beats, and the performer starts on any down beat he wants.


1980 Charles Rapple
MAT WAS ORIGIONALLY INTENDED
TO BE AN EXPLORATION OF THE
TRANSLATABILITY OF CONCEPTS
FROM ONE CONCEPT TO ANOTHER.
DUE TO THE INTEREST OF
SFAI STUDENTS IN MUSIC AND
THE PARTICULARLY FLEXABLE
AND INNOVATIVE "NEW MUSIC",
THIS SEMESTER WAS SOLEY
DEVOTED TO MUSIC MAKING.
HOWEVER, BY NATURE, NEW
MUSIC IS A COMBINATION OF
SEVERAL ARTS AT ONCE; SO THE
INITIAL IDEA OF TRANSLATING
CONCEPTS FROM ART TO ART WAS
NOT COMPLETELY LOST. NEXT
SEMESTER IT WILL CONCENTRATE
MORE ON THEATRE. IF YOU ARE
INTERESTED IN THE ECLECTIC
AND NOT INFREQUENTLY
LUCRIDOUS SOUNDS WE CREATE(D)
PLEASE ATTEND MAT'S CONCERT
THIS THURSDAY, THE 15TH, AT
8:00 P.M. IN STUDIO 8.
T.X.3.
secs. 30
tm
M3
Repeat this last bar 2 times. When every player has played this last bar 2 times, the composition ends.

Notation:

> o = accent

m = min.
M = maj.

m2
M2
m3
M3 → the interval one trills

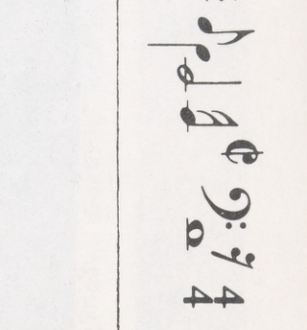
↓↑ = the direction in which one trills the interval.

tm = fast trill

= medium fast trill

= slow trill

The performer, by using his taste, should decide fast, medium fast, or slow is.



starts on any down beat
he wants.

SPONSE/CRITIQUE/REACTION/RESPONSE/CRITIQUE/REACTION/RESPONSE/CRITIQUE/REACTION/RESPONSE/CRITIQUE/REACTION/RESPONSE/CRITIC

On the article by G.A. titled
"THREE PAINTERS".

Note: G.A.'s quotes are simply between marks, mine are enclosed or separated.

As an ex - SFAI student who now occasionally visits the campus on my way to and fro, I had the advent to read the current school newspaper "FREE". As usual, it is beyond poor quality, the result, probably, of the great great grandchild of the cabal that gave up thought for newspaper collages in seventyeight. As is unusual, this installment was wretched beyond the pale, cruder than even five years of sliding could have brought it. "FREE" contained a hate article so bizzarly vehement that I couldn't see why it bothered to masquerade as a review.

The subject of the piece was an exhibit of the works of Ms's Hodder, Pingell, Straw. I saw the show and it didn t seem like an evil forum of reactionary fifth columnist capitalist oppressors like the review makes it out to be. Less than a review, too dull to be a review, the article was maybe homegrown agi-prop, an attempt to rally the esprit de corps of SFAI at the expense of three students.

In order to clarify my point I have dissected the rotten seafood in SFAI's own fishwrap "FREE". If not educational, G.A s character assassination is good for laughs.

Where to start? There is so much. My highlighting marker had coloured the majority of the article screaming yellow, but in actuality the first two paragraphs are entirely purple.

As though to immediately create sympathy with the author the efforts of the average student is rendered in terms approaching the heroic, in sharp contrast to the villainous, bourgeois phylistines of whom the piece makes it subject (or victim - as you will).
The scene: Birthing artists or franciscan coalminers toiling in the black lung pit hells below the green hills of Wales...

"Under the pastoral boughs at SFAI,. in catacombs of studios... One more layer of truth which each seeks to uncover..."
"Madly mustering every muscle method and medium!!"

As though evil hunters had just invaded Bambi's forest, hark! (Woodland innocents freeze in terror); who will defend Bambi and thumper? G.A.!

With thick loathing, the moral invective flies! It is obvious that a pure heart as the one that waxes poetic as:

"to the very twigs of existence, to the very edge," would eshew such blasphemers as those who are:

Offering their work to the bow-tied bourgeoisie: all wisked into a wine soaked frenzy...., each penguin patron hardly able to contain their bulging billfodds"

I suppose that everyone has their views on temperance, but G.A. seems to think that as soon as one gets a snootfull one develops webbed feet and throws cash to the wind, for as we know, - penguins eat fish, not credit cards.

At this point in the review it was wise to invite the reader into the piece, lest the breathless pace leave us behind. It is the moment to allie us to the clarion call of justice!
"where is our hope?" G.A cries, forlorn.
"In our midst vultures feed off our livers"
I like a glass now and then, but those Salvation Army types do exaggerate.

"No, ten times no!" G.A roars in defiance. Then the early Christian zealot emerges as G.A rallies against a threat both usary and paganisticly tinged.

"Are we to let these PANDORIAN, pandering, paint smearers find patrons in this institution was querading it as a department store gallery."

After this, we came upon a moment of reflection and moderation. ("look pal", says good cop, arm around your shoulder)

"I'm not against selling art, there is a place for everything, obviously."

("Any place but my neighborhood Jack")
Immediately the dead horse is exhumed and whipped. It might have been half appropriate if much work was sold, neither Hodder or Straw sold any.

"This school is a place to innovate, explore and learn, not to turn a buck".

Then in a storm of moral indignation the puritan majority is set to the task of cleansing its ranks with tar and feathers:

"Let us demand that these women take these works out of here, down where this kind of work belongs, FISHERMANS WHARF"
And let us pray that it is thus:
"our work must reflect vitality and freshness, it must represent risk."
(rather than actually being vital and risky)

At twohundredfiftyfive words, the opening humbles the remaining half, for G.A. has precious little to say about the work itself. I am already sick of quoting this G.A. charactor, as it is like handling nerve gas: some inevitably escapes and poisens innocent bystanders.

I will have to quote anyway, they shout for themselves.
" Like an old cliche, if you've seen one, you've seen them all."
" One painting was exactly like the next".
" So many triangles she had to stand them on the floor for lack of wallspace."
" Not only have they ignored the avant-garde notoriety of this scool, they pretend to belong to the innovative group of students and REFUSED to further any type of progress".
(said the revolutionary tribunal, itching to get back to their warm Black Sea dashas.)

I suppose that the lessons that G.A. have so subtly laid out for our betterment shouldn't be lost on us. Money is evil and subverts young minds. Only easily recognized and understood progress,(that of the past), is acceptable. " Smiling faces, smiling faces, sometimes pretend to be your friend".

As for me, when I was a student, I avoided running with the'innovative students' such as G.A., having goten my fill of the like with only one viewing of " Lord of the Flies".

THANKS TO SFAI STUDENT SENATE FOR THE SUPPORT IN PRINTING THIS PAPER

liquor and fine hors d'oeuvres. He recoiled slightly as the memory of the years' previous party made its' way to the forefront of his thoughts and he recalled the embarrassing incident in which he had regurgitated his Christmas repast on the Persian rug and the beautiful mermaid-green sequined gown of his youthful secretary, and - yes, the painful cranial recovery on the day after.

First things first, he thought. Before returning to the dubious connubial bliss of his domicile, he would purchase the aforementioned fur coat for Althea, as it was expected, no surprise needed or wanted.

Tilting his wrist upwards, Jonathan Cornelius moved one step closer to the drunken oblivion his tortured soul craved. He passed the bottle of cheap port to his companion, an elderly man with a large ruddy nose and weather-worn face, the resultant of years of heavy alcoholic consumption. Memories of his past floated in and out of his consciousness, mostly undiscernible due to their visceral rapidity and subsequent ephemeral vanish, until he would seize upon one particularly cherished remembrance which he would savor and mull over, slurringly relating the tale to his inebriated companion who would, not listening, merely nod his head and reach for the bottle again. Then his companion would relate some similar, or perhaps some dissimilar, tale of his past, of a time long ago before they both began their drunken fellowship. A friendship based mostly on their mutual need to have the poisonous depressant coursing through their veins.

As a young man Jon Cornelius had been relatively prosperous. Disdaining formal education, he had opted to serve in the Navy. A life of formal discipline, alternating with drunken brawls over saloon girls, selling their wares, suited his temperament perfectly. Thus, he remained in the service for almost twelwe years before quitting to open up a small sailing-goods store on the East coast, using his small naval pension to finance the venture. Married to "the girl of his dreams", this idyllic set-up lasted only three years when his wife left him for a young sailor. At this point began his more notorious adventures of drunken debauchery. After one incident, in which he was sued for aggravated assault and the near decimation of a local bar, a tale he never tired of expounding in his later years, he was forced to sell his business and was incarcerated in the local jailhouse for almost four months.

From this point on his life went downhill and each day was spent mostly on procuring the particular drug he needed to satisfy his addiction. A habitué of alleys, parks, and the local Salvation Army, he spent the remainig portion of his life with companions of similar persuasion, frequenting old familiar haunts.

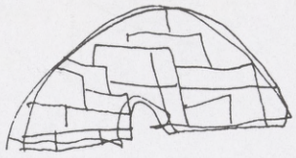
It was now three days before Christmas and due to the generosity of the multitudes at this time of year, he was in a near stupor. With a mucous - like crust around his mouth and eyes, and a particular foul odor emanating from his breath, he staggered down the sidewalk.

Approaching at a brisk gait came a well dressed businessman with a lynx coat wrapped in brown paper under one arm and a briefcase in hand. As he approached his pale blue Continental with beige padded seats and white carpeting, he was accosted by the rather unsavory image of Jon Cornelius.

"Hey mister, can you spare a quarter or a dime or somethin'? It's for food, or coffee.....yeah, yeah, that's it. A dime for some coffee?"

Barely containing his utter loathing and disgust for the filthy, comtemptible creature confronting him, the businessman stepped into the street and entered his car from the driver's side. Without a glance he sped off to deliver his wife her new coat for Christmas.

Eric Ellerson
Hollywood '80



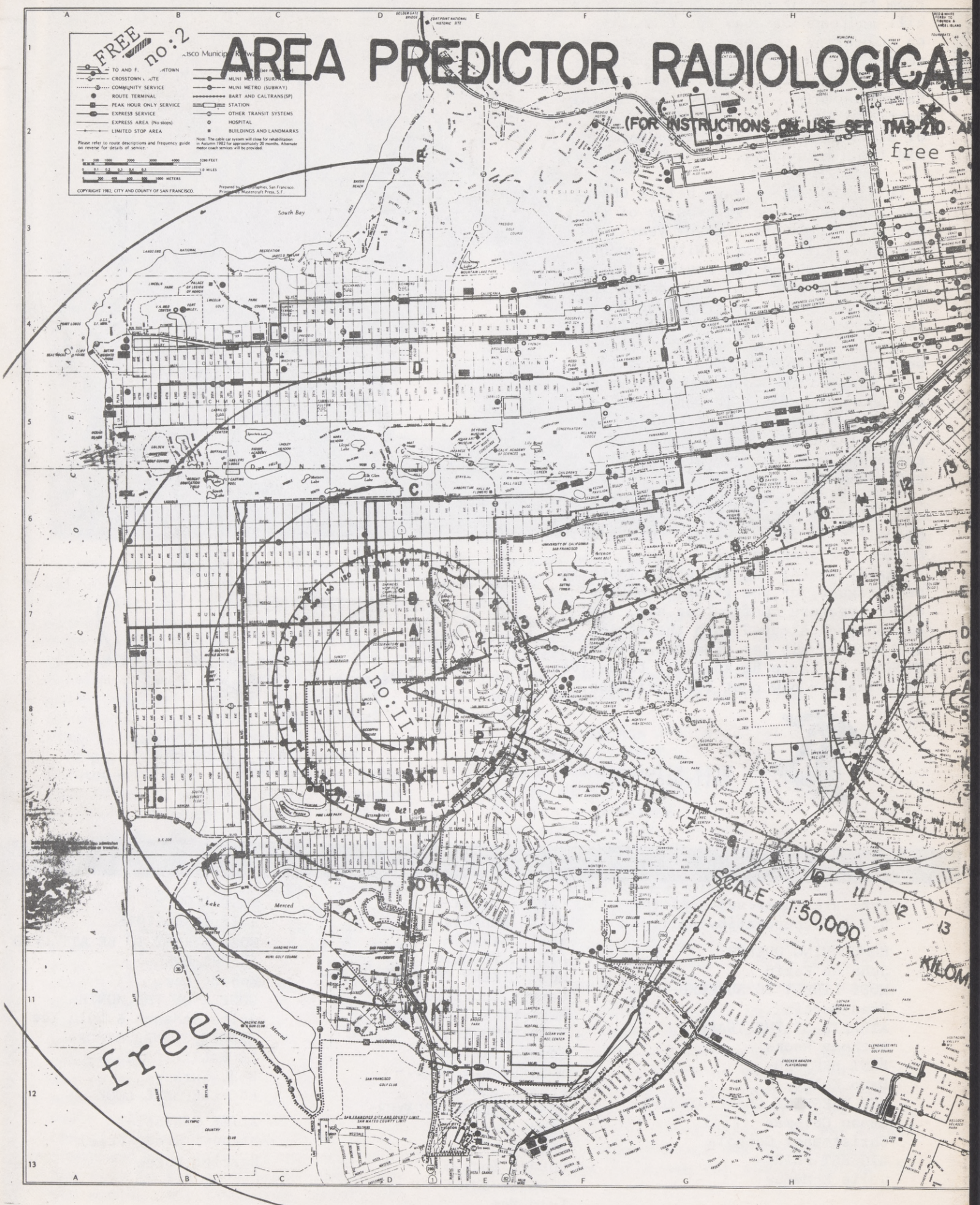
Jules and the Eskimo
-Lulu

Here are the results of the S.F.A.I. popularity poll:

HOMCOMMING QUEEN-
John de Fazio
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED-
Fred Martin
ATHLETE OF THE YEAR-
Anthony Hooks
BEST DRESSED-
Dawn Kelly
WET TEESHIRT CHAMPIONSHIPS-
Susan Coleman (tie)
Christopher Coppola
BIGGEST FLIRT-
Julie McManus

CAMPUS HUSSY-
Keith Daniels
BEST HAIRCUT-
Alison Trinkle
MOST LIKELY TO MISS CLASS-
Carrie Scoville
MOST LIKELY TO SHOCK YOUR MOTHER-
Sam Tchakalian
MOST LIKELY TO...-
Stuart Vance
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER-
Linda Vega
BEST BODY-
Robert Ingram
BIGGEST SMILE-
Lulu Yee

MOST ALOOF-
Jeff Rosenstock
MOST LIKELY TO BE ATTACKED IN THE HALL-
Robert Lee
COUPLE OF THE MONTH-
Julie McManus & Lulu Yee
ARNOLD SCHWARTZINGER LOOKALIKE CONTEST-
E.J. Yurkov
LUCILLE BALL LOOK ALIKE CONTEST-
Michael Grady (tie)
Harriet Force


FREE
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AREA PREDICTOR, RADIOLOGICAL
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TO AND F... HTOWN
CROSSTOWN ...UTE
COMMUNITY SERVICE
ROUTE TERMINAL
PEAK HOUR ONLY SERVICE
EXPRESS SERVICE
EXPRESS AREA (No stops)
LIMITED STOP AREA
MUNI METRO (SURFACE)
MUNI METRO (SUBWAY)
BART AND CALTRANS (SP)
STATION
OTHER TRANSIT SYSTEMS
HOSPITAL
BUILDINGS AND LANDMARKS
Please refer to route descriptions and frequency guide on reverse for details of service.
Note: The cable car system will close for rehabilitation in Autumn 1982 for approximately 20 months. Alternate motor coach services will be provided.
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South Bay
no. II
2KT
5KT
10KT
100KT
SCALE
1:50,000
KILOM
free
Lake
Merced

[DEC. 1983]

AREA PREDICTOR, RADIOLOGICAL FALLOUT, ABC-M5A2

(FOR INSTRUCTIONS ON USE SEE TM3-210 AND TM3-3445-304-10

free

FREE no:2

FREE no:II

no:II

free

SCALE 1:50,000

KILOMETERS

SCALE 1:250,000

2 KT

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30 KT

100 KT

300 KT

1 MT

OWL SERVICE
(Midnight to 6 a.m.)